

C
D25Qd
v. 3, no. 2
1898

WITH PLANS OF WHELOCK HOTEL.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA

DARTMOUTH LITERARY



MONTHLY.

BY THE
STUDENTS

L.B.L.



THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

PLANS OF WHEELOCK HOTEL, ...	50
STUDY OF THE ANCIENT CLASSICS, ... <i>S. C. Bartlett.</i>	51
TWO SHARP FELLOWS, ... <i>W. S. Sullivan.</i>	61
THE WIND'S MESSAGE, ... <i>O. S. D.</i>	66
VACATION NOTES, ... <i>G. S. M.</i>	67
THUNDER-STORM AT SEA, ... <i>Richard Hovey.</i>	70
AMONG THE BUTTERFLIES, ... <i>J. H. Gerould.</i>	71
THE CHAIR, ...	75
BY THE WAY, ...	78
THISTLE-DOWN, ...	81
CRAYON BLEU, ...	83
EXCHANGES, ...	85
ALUMNI NOTES, ...	88

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

The editors from succeeding classes will be chosen according to merit, as shown by competition. In this choice, some member of the Faculty will act with the regular board.

In accordance with college custom, the magazine will be sent to each student. Those wishing to discontinue it will please notify the business manager.

Terms, \$2 per year; single copies, 25 cents. On sale at the Dartmouth bookstore.

All communications, business or otherwise, should be addressed to

H. P. BLAIR, *Business Manager.*

HARRINGTON,
HATTER,
SCHOOL ST.,
BOSTON.

Specialité :

The Production of Young Men's Hats

Latest
TOWN
Styles.

JUSTLY
PRONOUNCED
SUPERIOR
TO ANY.

Your
Commands will be promptly executed.

Full Evening Dress Shirts,

Collars, and Cravats constantly on hand for Dinner Parties, Weddings, or any other occasion. Noyes Bros.

The Present Fashion in

France and England of Dress Shirts, with Linen Collars, Embroidered Figures, and Spot Bosoms, may be had of Noyes' Bros., most thoroughly and elegantly made.

Morning and Evening

Wedding Outfits in Shirts, Collars, Cravats, and Gloves, a specialty at Noyes Bros.

We Have a Special De-

partment for repairing Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves or any article belonging to gentlemen can be laundered and repaired at short notice at Noyes Bros.

English Mackintosh Coats

for ladies and gentlemen at Noyes Bros.

English Travelling Rugs

for Railway and Steamer use, \$3.75 to \$50.00, at Noyes Bros.

English Dressing Gowns,

Study Coats, House Coats, and Office Coats, and Long Wraps, \$5 to \$45, in stock or to measure, at Noyes Bros.

Allen Solly & Co.'s London

high-class Hosiery and Underwear, in pure lamb's wool, merino, balbriggan, and silk, in white, the famous brown, and the natural gray. All weights and sizes, from 28 to 50 inches, at popular prices, at Noyes Bros.

English Silk Umbrellas in

gold, silver, and natural wood handles, ladies' and men's, from \$2.75 to \$35.00, very rare and choice designs, at Noyes Bros.

French Flannels, Madras,

English Cheviots and Oxfords, and Silk Shirtings. From these goods we carry in stock or make to special order for Travelling Shirts, for Railway Cars, for Steamer Wear, for Hunting or Yachting, for Office Coats, for House Coats, for the Bath or Sick-room.

NOYES BROS.

Hosiery, Glovers, and Shirt-Makers,

Washington and Summer Sts.,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

COLLINS & FAIRBANKS,

(Successors to D. P. Hsley & Co.)

Styles Specially Adapted to Young Men.

Opera Crush Hats, Silk Hats,

Felt Hats, and Cloth Hats.



CLUB HATS AND CAPS MADE TO ORDER.

Sole Agents for Henry Heath's and A. J. White's London Hats.

Pease's Hotel,

HARTFORD, VT.

M. S. DAVIS,

PROPRIETOR.

GO TO

Wheeler Brothers

FOR YOUR

FINE CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS,

Gents' Furnishings,
and Gents' Boots and Shoes.

Remember, we make

Suits to Order, and Guarantee
Fits.

A Large Line of Samples to Select from.

Please give us a call.

Store near depot.

WHEELER BROTHERS,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

GENERAL JOB PRINTING.

ROYAL CUMMINGS,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

Correctness.

Neatness.

Dispatch.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC
* * * INSTRUMENTS,

Apparatus and Supplies,
591 Broadway, N. Y.



Sole proprietors of the
Patent Satchel Detective,
Fairly, Novel, and Bi-
cycle Cameras, and sole
agents for the Celebrated
Dallmeyer Lenses.

Amateur Outfits in
great variety from \$9.00 up-
ward. Send for Catalogue or
call and examine.

More than Forty Years
Established in this line
of business.

Buy the Best, which is Always the Cheapest.

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Has prospered where concerns with Cheaper Rates have all died, because it could be relied on to Pay its Claims in full, and they could not.

Insurance must Insure, or even a low price is so much money thrown away.

THE TRAVELER'S RESOURCES

Are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. **PAYS ALL CLAIMS** without discount, immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs. **NON-FORFEITURE** provisions in all its Policies.

TEN MILLIONS OF ASSETS.

TWO MILLIONS OF SURPLUS.

PAID POLICY-HOLDERS OVER \$14,000,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

RODNEY DENNIS, Sec.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Sec.



JOSEPH GILKOTT & SONS'
STEEL PENS
 THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.
The Favorite numbers, 303, 404, 604, and Ladies' Pen, No. 170,
 SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

DARTMOUTH HOTEL,

G. F. KIBLING, Proprietor.

DARTMOUTH
Photograph * Rooms,

Bridgman's New Building,

HANOVER, N. H.

All Work guaranteed first-class.

The best assortment of

HANOVER VIEWS

ever made.

Pictures of Dartmouth Faculty

always on hand.

Langill, Photographer.

GEORGE W. RAND,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Coffins and Caskets,

Spring Beds, Picture Frames,

Cornice Poles, Drapery Curtains, &c.

*Furniture Repaired and Var-
nished.*

All kinds of Job Work connected with
Furniture and Upholstery done at short
notice and in the best manner.

N. A. FROST,
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks,

GOLD AND FOUNTAIN PENS,

Cutlery, Base-Ball and Tennis Sup-
plies,

And other goods adapted to the
needs of students.

*Fine Watches Properly Re-
paired and Warranted.*

THE
DARTMOUTH PHARMACY,

Head-quarters for

Toilet Soaps, Perfumery,
Razors, Strops,

POCKET CUTLERY, PORTE-MONNAIES,

Combs, Tooth, Nail, and Hair
Brushes, Fruit and
Pure Candy.

L. B. DOWNING,

HANOVER, N. H.

== John R. Farrell, ==

Merchant & Tailor

765 Washington St., near Hollis, . . . BOSTON, MASS.



Military School Jackets and Uniforms

—ALSO—

Chevrons and Cord for Trousers,

—AND—

FINE TAILORING IN GENERAL.

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Suitings

AND OVERCOATINGS.

W. S. Brewer & Co
Tailors
488 Washington St
Nearly opp. Temple Pl.

We have secured from a leading foreign house
The Exclusive Control in this section of the V. & O. Fabrics.
These we make a SPECIALTY.

The SPECIAL Prices are, Sack Suits, \$28; Cutaway Suits, \$30; Overcoats
(fall and winter weights), \$30; Trousers, \$8.

This space reserved for
HASTINGS, PHOTOGRAPHER,
Boston.

RICHARDSON & ADAMS,
OF CONCORD,

Dealers in Fine Ready-Made

Finest Assortment of
HATS & CAPS

To be found in New Hampshire.

CLOTHING
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Samples of Gents' Furnishings, etc., will be shown, and orders solicited at various times during the college year, due notice of which will be given.

OUR IMPORTATIONS OF

Plaids, Checks, &c.,

— IN THE —

Latest London Effects

ARE NOW COMPLETE.

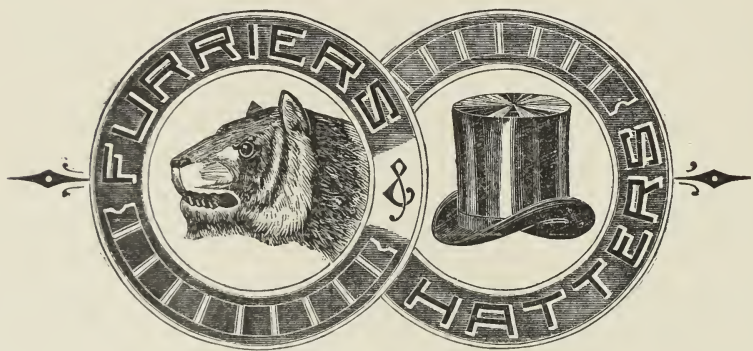
Our Mr. SMITH will make his usual Fall visit to Hanover early in September.

JOHN EARLE & Co.,
TAILORS,

330 Washington Street, . . . BOSTON.

BIGELOW & CO.,

HATTERS TO THE NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES.



≡ Heath's London Hats. ≡

FELT HATS, * SILK HATS, * OPERA HATS.

~~~~~  
LEATHER HAT CASES.  
~~~~~

Canes.

Umbrellas.

Caps.

407 Washington Street, Boston.

Mr. W. G. HALL will be at the College at regular intervals during the year, with samples.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA



DARTMOUTH
LITERARY MONTHLY.





MAIN STREET ELEVATION.



ELEVATION FACING CAMPUS.

PLANS OF THE WHEELOCK HOTEL, HANOVER, N. H.

THE

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Vol. III.

OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 2.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

W. S. SULLIVAN.

O. S. WARDEN.

O. S. DAVIS.

G. S. MILLS.

J. H. GEROULD.

C. F. ROBINSON.

H. P. BLAIR, BUSINESS MANAGER.

THE STUDY OF THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.—*Concluded.*

III. The study of the ancient classics brings the student in contact with the great sources of literary and historic influences, and places him at the central point of survey through the whole range of highest human attainment and achievement.

I here leave out of account the early sacred literature, with its divine basis, which has mingled so mightily in the movement of later history, to speak of the purely human elements. Unquestionably we find the chief human factors of modern civilization in the old classic influences. There were, indeed, older agencies,—Assyrian, Chaldean, Egyptian,—from which the Hellenic race borrowed largely; but it borrowed not only to idealize and to transfigure and to multiply, but to communicate, circulate, and transmit. It put its own stamp on the product, and gave it perpetual currency. We find here the type of all modern thought. Here began modern poetry,—epic, lyric, dramatic. Here history first took its form. The two great schools of philosophy were first represented here. The geometry of to-day comes down two thousand years from the Greeks. Art, in some of its forms, reached its perfection and oratory its height, and political life took on its occidental type. And through the Romans, in part, all these, with some important accessions, were transmitted to us.

The history and achievements of these two classic nations thus stand out before the world as do those of no other races. That

history and that literature have become the great unfailing source of reference, allusion, and derivation, the one great inheritance of modern civilization, the common bond of the commonwealth of letters among all nations. The career of no other races, whether German, English, or French, ever will or can stand in such central and universal relations. To be conversant with these is therefore to stand at the radiating point of modern development, to hold the clue to the influences that have shaped its course, and to know literature and history in their organic whole. It is the kind of literary knowledge that belongs to a centrally and roundly educated man,—a man of broad, coherent, and philosophic culture; a kind of knowledge the lack of which is so often deeply felt by the man who has it not, and so easily recognized by those who have it.

The late George P. Marsh, while most earnestly asserting the claims of our own language to profound study, as he well knew how, yet asserts that “as a means of that encyclopædic knowledge which is one of the most imperious demands of modern society, an acquaintance with foreign, and especially classic, literature is indispensable.” And a little later he interrupts his argument for the English to say,—“I do but echo the universal opinion of all persons competent to pronounce on the subject, in expressing my own conviction that the language and literature of ancient Greece constitute the most efficient instrument of mental training ever enjoyed by man; and that a familiarity with that wonderful speech,—its poetry, its philosophy, its eloquence, and the history it embalms,—is incomparably the most valuable of intellectual possessions.”¹ Such weighty words from such a source hardly require to be supplemented. Passing therefore from this aspect of the case, another of the concurrent considerations is the fact that,—

IV. The classic tongues furnish the key to a vast range of modern knowledge.

Four prominent languages of modern Europe,—French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese,—are lineal descendants of the

¹ Lectures, pp. 77, 95.

Latin. In every sentence of them the eye catches the lineage of the words. The student who knows the Latin has an immense advantage in learning any or all of them at his pleasure. The difference in ease of acquisition on the part of two classes of students of equal capacity, one of which knows the parent tongue and the other does not, is a matter of the commonest observation. It might almost be said—it has been said by some—that he who would master any two of them would save time by learning the Latin first. Certainly, that previous knowledge becomes a great saving of time and labor in their acquisition. Even in the German, though not itself a descendant of the Latin or the Greek, whoever pursues it for scholarly uses will find such an amount of classic words subsumed into it as to form a perpetual stumbling-block, and to require a special lexicon, without some knowledge of those tongues.

Very striking and important is the well known relation of the English to the classic tongues. The Greek element in its structure, though less, is considerable; but the Latin element is large. Estimates differ. Trench reckons that of a hundred parts of English, sixty would be found to be Anglo-Saxon, thirty Latin (including derivations through the French), and five Greek. Marsh finds sixty-five per cent. of native origin in the Bible and in Shakespeare, and in Milton's poetry only thirty-three per cent. Anglo-Saxon. The man who is moderately familiar with the ancient tongues has a great advantage in the knowledge of his own, especially as it appears in such writings as Milton's, and is often saved the necessity of referring to his dictionary; or when he refers, he far more easily remembers.

But Greek is remarkably connected with all modern scientific nomenclature. It is, has been, and apparently will continue to be, the one great source from which are drawn in every direction the terms of science. Geometry, physics, chemistry, botany, anatomy, surgery, physiology, mechanics, mechanism, and manufactures, even, steadily fall back upon the Greek. The knowledge of it is a striking advantage to the scientific man, for it gives him the mastery (as Dr. Peabody remarks) not only of the terms in his

own specific line, but a clue to the nomenclature through the whole range of the sciences. Of course, he cannot definitely tell in advance what is the exact application of the name, but let the knowledge of that application be once given, and it is ever after retained with the utmost ease. A young classical student once listened to a course of lectures on anatomy with no preparatory or collateral study; and a very able medical student, who made the study a business but without the knowledge of the Greek, spoke to him with strong emphasis of his far greater facility in retaining and reproducing the anatomical designations. Without such help such a task becomes a sheer, hard struggle of the memory with a mass of isolated and unmanageable names.

These technical terms in the English language are numbered by thousands, and even tens of thousands. In Dana's *Geology* one can count more than two thousand of them of Greek or Latin derivation; and they are increasing with every advance in invention and discovery. The scientific man who has no knowledge of these tongues must, as compared with one who has that knowledge, labor through life under a great disadvantage, not alone in his own particular province, but in reference to the ability to grasp easily the phraseology and discussions in the wide circle of the sciences.

It will thus appear, and will more distinctly appear in the sequel, that the attempt to restrict the uses of classical study to certain professions is a grave and unwarranted mistake. The benefits thus far enumerated overleap all professional lines, and apply with almost equal force to all high education. The clergyman has indeed an additional pressure to know the language in which the New Testament was written; but even here the discussions of our time on the New Testament text have passed beyond the confines of the clergy.

It will also be observed that these benefits are not solitary, but are conjoint and cumulative. They are here presented in their direct and intrinsic value, and not by way of contrast to other studies. Nothing is to be said in disparagement of the modern languages. There can be no question of their utility. But it is

claimed that they cannot take the place and fulfil all the functions of classical studies in a course of higher education. Which of them can combine all the uses thus far indicated? Meanwhile, enough of each for the purposes of a general education can be acquired, especially by one who has the advantage of a classical training, without detruding the classics. If he is really to master any one of them, he will hardly do it at school, in connection with other necessary studies. In order to use a modern language like a native, he must either be put under a foreign governess in his childhood, or in his youth or early manhood throw himself boldly into a foreign residence. In the school or the college, as he can but take a survey in outline of the circle of the sciences, so he can make a good beginning and some proficiency in certain modern languages; and when the need comes, he will haul them in hand over hand. I have known a young classical student by himself to take up Italian, and read through Tasso's *Jerusalem* and *Aminta*, and enter upon Dante, all in the course of three months.

V. An education which includes classic studies tends to a far wider range and a higher scale of success in life.

For the several reasons that have been indicated, it gives the man a much more varied and versatile capacity of action and a much broader scope. A wider field thus opens before him from which to choose. What happens to the young graduate when, as is so frequently the case, he goes out for a time to teach, is typical of his life prospect. As a teacher he is not limited to one line or one sphere, but he is, or can be, fitted for any branch that offers; for he has learned how to learn, or to superintend the whole circle of instruction. Just so he looks out on life, with his diversified and rounded training, to run, not like some locomotive on its iron track, but like a steamer on the ocean, and make his port at will. Thus, other things being equal, his life chances are greatly enlarged. His choice of calling ceases to be compulsory, and becomes to a far greater degree optional. He will always have more strings to his bow, and will find himself fitted for the opportunity that shall offer.

The difference in mental calibre and equipment usually and

inevitably shows itself from the beginning to the close of the preliminary education, alike in the ability to cope with the more abstruse themes of study and in the graduating theses of the two classes of students. And whoever has had occasion to attend in close succession the graduation exercises of two institutions, one of which includes the extended study of the classics and the other excludes it, seldom fails to be struck with the marked difference between the two in clearness, point, vigor, and range of thinking.

This last mentioned fact leads to the further consideration that the classical training tends not only to a wider range, but to a higher quality of success. If we have rightly described the influence of these studies, this effect is a natural one, the result of a more supple and forceful intellect, and of a larger circle of intellectual vision and relationships. Other things being equal, it should make the man a keener, more vigorous lawyer, a preacher of much greater resources, a more intelligent and many-sided physician, a more discerning and far-reaching statesman, a safer scientific reasoner, a wiser, abler, and more fertile journalist, and a business man, if not of greater business capacity, yet of higher dignity, and of far more enjoyable, elegant, satisfactory, and useful prosperity.

Now it certainly is not easy to isolate the cases so as always to trace effects to causes, nor to say what might have been with the same individual under other circumstances. It may also be said that the other forms of education have not always enjoyed the same opportunities, at least in the public schools. But there are certain obvious facts, or classes of facts, that inevitably arrest the attention. And though there are, we are glad to say, many noble exceptions where native talent and untiring application have overcome all obstacles, sometimes even the lack of any school education, it remains undoubtedly true that a large majority of the great lawyers, great statesmen, great preachers, great journalists, great physicians, great educators, great leaders of thought in every line, have been men of classic education. The same thing is true of the mass of scientific men who have distinguished themselves as men of wide and sound generalizations, and of ability to set forth,

defend, and propagate their principles. This difference of training not seldom marks the dividing line between broad reasoners and men of narrow hobbies. After making every allowance for the fact that the higher education in schools has taken so largely the classical form, yet bearing in mind that it is the very small minority they educate, and that so many other avenues are open to enterprising youth in scientific institutions, in military and naval schools of high order, in private schools and private teachers of modern languages, it would seem to be no accident by which the great intellectual leaders and broad thinkers, the men who have left their mark on the course of human thought in every direction, have fallen and continue to fall into this very small minority.

It would be a wearisome task to cite adequately from the history of the past the multitude of instances in proof. They strike the eye in like manner at present. We may look forth at random, and the same general fact meets us. It is surely by no accident, for example, that the three men in England who a few months since stood at the head, respectively, of its statesmanship, its judiciary, and its literary culture,—Gladstone, Lord Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold,—should all be both illustrations and vigorous defenders of classical training; that nearly all the leading lawyers of New England, and nearly, if not quite, all the judges of its supreme courts, should be classically educated men; that most of the professors in the best medical schools, even the specialists, should be college graduates; that the leading geologists of America now living (Dawson, Dana, LeConte, Hitchcock, Newberry, Winchell), and even the chief English and American astronomers and physicists of our time (Tait, Thompson, Clerk-Maxwell, Lockyer, Proctor, Young) should be, like the second Herschel, and, so far as he could, the first Herschel, men of liberal education. It was by no accident that the government under which we live should have been mainly shaped by men of classical training. Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the vote for independence, was so educated in England. George Wythe and John Adams, his main supporters, were graduates of William and Mary and of Harvard; Jefferson, who drafted the Declaration, a man of college

training ; the eight debaters in the Constitutional Convention, who, as Curtis says, " exercised the largest influence," all but Franklin college men ;¹ and the three writers who successfully defended the Constitution before the public in a doubtful time, college men.²

It was no accident by which Mr. Huxley's own son was not long since found at Cambridge, taking the highest honors in the classics ; that men of liberal education are found in such disproportionate numbers teaching in specialist institutions ; or that so many far-seeing business men and men of wealth should be giving their sons, even if designed for business, specialties, or political life, a liberal education, that in all these spheres they may have the power of thought and speech, and breadth and culture, whereby to dignify and enjoy their wealth and success. It is an equally significant fact, that when in a scientific periodical³ not long since five great names were selected as " having, each of them, bequeathed to posterity a new realm of knowledge,"—namely, Linnæus (or Linné), Darwin, Lyell, Lavoisier, Descartes,—it should appear that Linnæus wrote treatises in Latin, Lavoisier was a graduate of the College Mazarin, Descartes of the College La Flèche, Lyell of Oxford, and Darwin of Cambridge. Notwithstanding numerous exceptional cases, freely conceded, such constantly recurring facts and classes of facts, turning up everywhere at random, show the steady drift. They are significant.

But perhaps the most effective testimony on this subject is found in the statements made to the public a few years ago by the thirty-eight professors of the Faculty of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, " the central faculty," as has been truly said, " of the most illustrious university of the best educated nation in the world." Their decision was deliberate, founded on direct experiment and wide inquiry, distinct, unhesitating, and with reasons rendered. The question before them was the practicability of making good the

¹ King, Randolph, C. C. Pinckney, Wilson, Morris, Madison, Hamilton. Of the thirteen other names mentioned by Hildreth as taking part in that debate, eight were certainly college men, and the ninth was the founder of Dickinson college.

² Jay, Hamilton, Madison.

³ The Popular Science Monthly.

place of classical studies, and especially the Greek, by substituting more of science, mathematics, and modern languages, still retaining, however, one half the preparatory Latin of the Gymnasium. For ten years (from 1870 to 1880) young men previously trained on this plan for the same length of time with the classical students were received at this great university. In 1880 the Faculty of Philosophy, or central faculty, thirty-eight in number, including all but the special professors of law, medicine, and theology, reported for the university. They give both statements and reasons, founded not so much on the views of the classicists as on the testimony of the scientific, mathematical, and modern language instructors; the professors of chemistry affirming that the classical students, though starting in the university, of course, with less knowledge of facts and experiments, soon outstrip, "almost invariably carry off the honors," "are mentally better trained, and have acquired a higher ability to understand and solve scientific problems;" and the instructors in the descriptive natural sciences, even in the higher mathematics, in the English language and in the German language and literature, in metaphysics, in economics and statics, severally giving similar opinions and similar reasons, some of them asserting in very strong terms the superior capacity, insight, and grasp of the classical students.

Not only did Professor Hofmann (professor of chemistry) in his inaugural (in 1880) as rector of the university publicly declare in its behalf, as a result not admitting "a moment's doubt that all efforts to find a substitute for the classical languages, whether in mathematics, in the modern languages, in the natural sciences, have been hitherto unsuccessful; that after long and vain search we must always come back finally to the result of centuries of experience; that the surest instrument that can be used in training the mind of youth is given us in the study of the languages, the literature, and the works of classical antiquity,"¹ but all the members of this faculty placed on record their settled judgment that any other kind of education, such as "is obtained in the Realschulen of the first rank," is "inferior, not alone because

¹ Report, p. 31.

ignorance of the Greek and deficient knowledge of the Latin interpose great obstacles to the pursuit of many branches of study which are not by law closed to graduates of the Realschulen, but also, and above all, because the ideality of the scientific sense, interest in learning, not dependent upon nor limited by practical aims, but ministering to the education of the mind as such, the many-sided and widely extended exercise of the thinking power, and an acquaintance with the classical basis of our science and our civilization, can be satisfactorily cultivated only in our institutions of classical learning.”¹

From such a source, with such unanimity, and under such circumstances, this is grave and powerful testimony. Attempts have been made to weaken its force, but it stands before the world unretacted and unrefuted.

In view of all these facts and considerations, we need have little fear for the permanent decline of classical studies. Popular attacks may create transient distrust. Many may be induced to try the experiment of excluding them from a course of higher education, but the experimenters will probably be the losers. Others will adhere to the tried and approved method; and unless past experience ceases to be a guide, they will, as a rule, in the race of life, in all the situations that call for breadth, versatility, keenness, and power, continue to be the winners.

S. C. Bartlett.

¹ Report, p. 52. Dr. Hofmann (Professor of Chemistry) speaks thus of his personal observation: “I have never heard a student from a Gymnasium express a wish that he might have received his training in a Realschule; how often, on the other hand, have I met with young men prepared in the Realschule, who grievously regretted that they never had part in the training of the Gymnasium.”

TWO SHARP FELLOWS.

“Wiswall and Price will succeed anywhere. I’ll bet in ten years they will be the richest fellows in the class.”

Such was the general estimate of these two young men who were sending themselves through college. The tricks they used in obtaining excuses over the allotted time had become stock stories in the students’ rooms on winter evenings. One of them had lost three “grandmothers and the other two fathers” in as many years—so, at least, their applications for excuses said. They would secure positions for vacation through influential relatives, and then send a substitute, from whom they had extracted a liberal fee.

When Commencement Day came every one prophesied them success, and they were envied by many a modest youth who went forth unnoticed. After graduation they turned their faces toward the land of the setting sun, and rested in the little village of Ticonderoga, shortened to “Ti” by the inhabitants. The place to-day is known by the postal clerks for the mail that goes to three large establishments. One of these takes the hickory and oak of the surrounding forest, and, after a process of steaming and planing, turns it out as buggy-wheels, shaves, wheelbarrows, etc. Another takes the ripe yellow straw of wheat and rye, masticates and re-masticates it, and finally turns it from a series of huge rollers as the pasteboard of commerce. The remaining enterprise that rescues this little village from the total stagnation of similar places consists in the manufacture of a white corn syrup called glucose—a very cheap article, used by the inhabitants for all sweetening purposes, and by unsuspecting humanity at large for maple syrup, which is diluted in large quantities with this starchy product.

On one shady street of this little village, where the maples form a complete arch over the dusty highway, stand four mansions that might be called stately. Setting far back from the street, with porter’s lodge, lawns, playing fountains, stables, and conservatories, they seem out of place in such unpretentious surroundings. Some are in a good state of repair and preservation, while others

have suffered from neglect. With gates nailed up, lawns grown into hay fields, fountains dry, and glass of the conservatories, once the wonder of the village, broken by wanton boys, they seem like the old baronial castles of Italy, the tombs of another order of things that has long passed away. They are pointed out as the residences of the men who brought the first enterprise to "Ti." One by one the families to whom these estates belonged thinned out and disappeared, or moved to richer fields and more active scenes.

"Sunk are their bowers in shapeless ruins all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall."

Not only at these houses is the decay of the village apparent, but along the canal the roaring tumble loudly protests against this hourly waste of power. The race which once took this water and poured it over various turbines and overshots has long been dry, and the receptacle for village rubbish. At its extremity fallen buildings, heaps of twisted iron, and a half-ruined chimney tell of other and more prosperous days.

Our story takes us back to the time when the town consisted of a few stores, and a grist-mill by the lock. The crows knew the locality as the best feeding district within a flight of many days, and from the great corn-fields between canal and river rose and settled great flocks of these sable carving birds. The boatmen on the canal knew the village as the head of the five-mile-level, where the jolly Frenchman stood smiling behind the bar, and took from beneath it that which made glad the heart of the boatman, and loosened his tongue to join in the chorus of—

"Heigh-ho, the boatman oh,
Up and down the river on the O-hi-o."

The summer evening that our college friends stepped from the packet that had just arrived from the city, Jacques welcomed them with a smile, and refreshed them with a draught of old peach brandy. The next day they were closeted for a long time with the magistrate of the little burg, and after that they were frequently seen with him about the lock, evidently taking measurements for a mill-race; and in a short time it was rumored abroad that a

new enterprise was in the wind, and that "Ti" was to have a boom. Every one was in a feverish state of curiosity to know what it would be.

"Waal, 'f old 'Squire Harris' got a finger in it, rest assured no good 'll come on 't," said Jonathan Hathaway, who had several times been outwitted by the 'squire when laying in his winter apples. Then they fell to guessing. Some said it would be a sorghum mill, others a tile factory, and still others stoutly held it would be a railroad.

Each faction was dismayed and puzzled to see a lot of strange-looking machinery and coils upon coils of copper tubing arrive in a freight boat. Old Jimmy Burns said, "That stuff looks mighty like a still;" and in a short time his immortality in "Ti" was made secure by a sign placed above the door of the temporary building, "Registered Distillery, District 13." And so the firm of Harris, Wiswall & Price was born.

The senior member of the firm was 'Squire Harris, who furnished the greater part of the capital. He took no active part in the business, but the other members worked with all the fervor and energy of young men launched upon a new enterprise. Early and late they were at the mill, and no defect in machinery or product escaped their attention. As a natural result they prospered.

The temporary wooden buildings disappeared, more new machinery came, a brick building and a colossal chimney arose, and from the latter's sooty throat came volumes of smoke, which, in a slight breeze, like the smoke of a steamer at sea, was carried in a line for miles over the level country. Canal boats having the firm's name on their bows, large substantial wagons drawn by sleek-looking horses in mounted harness, spoke to the outer world of the success our friends were winning. And "Ti" itself caught the fervor of enterprise and put on a new life. The dog-fennel gradually disappeared from the streets, new blocks went up, a national bank was opened, and, greatest of all, a branch road was built through the town, and two tracks ran down to the distillery. The firm had two young men selling their goods in the East.

Harris visited the mill every morning, but took no part whatever in the management of the business. When he came in, Wiswall would greet him in his courteous manner; and as he passed on into Price's office, that person would look up, nod, and go on with his work again. You have seen men who actually lived in their business: such was Price. He knew every nail of the mill, from the cellar to the cupola; he knew the color and smell of all grades of mash, and the age of every barrel of liquor in the storehouse.

Wiswall bought all the grain, and dealt with the men who came there for business. There is a politeness that never intrudes itself upon your notice, a mild and easy courtesy that comes to one as natural as breathing. It does not seem to be acquired by practice, but is born with the man. With that smoothness of manner that charms all, and with that pleasant way of being always accommodating, he won for friends all with whom he dealt. True, once in a while a farmer would confess to his wife that he sold his corn a "leettle low, but Wiswall was so confounded perlite I could n't ask for more." And many a young man newly married, with a team to pay for and a mortgage to lift, would be caught by that same smile, or a poor family would have to do without shortening for a whole winter because they had been induced to part with their corn at the wrong time.

Among other houses of the same kind they were regarded as a very successful firm, but one that resorted to what lawyers call sharp practice. Now, right in the height of their prosperity came the war tax on liquors, which put the price of whiskey above the reach of small consumers. The sales rapidly diminished, the profits decreased, and things began to assume a decidedly gloomy aspect. Scowl as he would, Price could not make profits meet expenses, nor Harris with all his bombast make the market better. Meeting after meeting failed to improve things, till at last Wiswall proposed building stock pens and feeding swine from the refuse of the mill. In a few weeks a grunting and squealing from great pens across the canal told that the scheme had been carried into execution. Strange to relate, as a result of this experiment, in two

months the credit of the firm went back to its former place, and the grave expression left the face of the affable Wiswall.

“It’s a mighty small hole we can’t get through,—eh, old man?” he said to Price one evening in a burst of boyish glee.

Wiswall was absent for several weeks, and when he returned there was a crowd of acquaintances at the depot to meet him. All smiling he stepped from the platform, but the first man to greet him was a stranger in coarse clothes. The man did not look rough, only determined, and handed Wiswall a curious looking paper. The latter turned pale and almost fell. “Bring this to my house.” But no, it must be then and there, the man said.

The bell on the engine began to ring, the train was moving away. Suddenly, with all the energy of desperation, Wiswall sprang for the back platform; but the detective was too quick for him, and after a short struggle got the handcuffs on his wrists. A crowd collected and followed them to the jail. The news of his arrest spread like wildfire. Why was he arrested? what had he done? was the universal question.

Then it was learned that in the troughs which carried the refuse to the pens were copper pipes which conveyed untaxed liquor from the distillery to a shipping-room under the pens, where it was put into barrels and sold without the revenue stamp. Price had disappeared, and that night Harris slipped through the guard that was placed around his house and escaped. The same night the distillery was burned to the ground.

The case against the house was fought long and bitterly, for they were rich, and employed the best lawyers in the country. But for once justice was not defeated, and all were beggared except Harris, who had everything in his wife’s name. He now lives upon the bounty of his children, and his broken gait and seedy appearance would excite any one’s sympathy. In the opera house which he built, and which still bears his name, he has a small office, where he occasionally retires to figure up his indebtedness to the government; but the results are so overwhelmingly against him that he sighs, pushes away the papers, and picks up his newspaper.

After the trial Wiswall was imprisoned for a time, but was finally

released, broken in spirit and hopelessly poor at forty-five. He is now editor of a small insurance paper in the West. Price lost everything, but has since been successful in a small way as a lumber agent. In speaking of his early ruin, he said,—

“After that tax was levied there was no money in whiskey without cheating the government, and we were not sharp enough to do that without being caught.”

W. S. Sullivan.

THE WIND'S MESSAGE.

The wind bent down in its passing glee
And lashed to fury a daisy sea.
It told of blight in the autumn's frost,
Of grace departed, and beauty lost:
But whispered ere it had passed away,
“Love cannot decay.”

The golden hair of a child at play
The wind was tumbling one sunny day.
It laughed, as lightly the curls it tossed,
That youth should fade, and the gold be lost;
But this one story the soft wind told,
“Love cannot grow old.”

The elms, where orioles' nests were hung,
The wind in frolic had madly swung.
Beneath the nests a dead bird lay,
The awful cost of that short, wild play:
But breeze and branch gave one sad sigh,
“Love never can die.”

O. S. D.

VACATION NOTES.

What is vacation? Evidently, from the wordy discussion in our daily and weekly papers of the summer months, few are agreed as to what a vacation should be, though none dispute the need of each one for periodical rest or change of work. The expatriator upon nature has reminded us, in hackneyed, cant phrase, of "the first great temple," of "the voice of nature," of "communion with nature," and of "solitude, the soul's best friend." The cynic has had his annual sneer at the gossiping, novel-reading *habituée* of the summer resort, either the foolish old lady who yawns over her fancy-work, or the giddy, much dressed daughter, who lives through the day in a tumult of planning for a waste of nervous energy and sleep in a night of fashionable dissipation. The preacher of the gospel of work has preached his little sermon on the evil of idleness, using that fallacious and dangerous text—True rest is change of occupation. The preacher of the gospel of rest has counselled repose for every faculty, a healthy stagnation of mind and body. This one would have you flee to the mountains; that one extols the virtue of the sea-breeze; another delights in the solitude of the woods and the companionship of rod and gun; still another sings the old song of home, and finds contentment and happiness in the midst of his family. Each was right, yet all were wrong. All meant well, and each expressed his preference. You and I, friend, no doubt, made our choice with wisdom, giving heed only to inclination and to our purse.

—New England, with its high land of undulating hill and majestic mountain range, its numerous lakes and valleys, its dashing mountain streams and quiet rivers, its extensive woodland, its long stretch of coast thickly indented with harbors and bays, furnishing such incomparable beaches, has a variety of attractions to please every taste that no other section of equal area has. How much more it is to be a Yankee than one at first is apt to think! Along with our boast of descent from the Puritans, let there be breathed a blessing upon the kind Providence that brought them to the rock-ribbed coast of New England.

The projection of several miles of the head of Lake Memphremagog across the Canadian border into Vermont gives New England a right to claim this beautiful sheet of water. The prominent feature, as one looks down the lake from the southern end, is Owl's Head, an accessible mountain rising straight from the water's edge to the respectable height of 3,000 feet. Nearing the mountain in your sail down the lake, you naturally try to make out the owl. If you have an aptitude for discovering shapes,—that is, if, when a boy, lying upon your back and gazing up into the sky, you detected a semblance to some familiar object in every passing cloud,—you will exclaim, “I see it!” after a half minute of study. In any case, you will think it a likeness which taxes heavily the imagination, and conclude that the original must have been indeed a sorry bird.

Under the protection of this blinking bird of night let us stop for a time. What is the attraction? No pretentious hotel—simply a plain, white building; no handsome grounds—the trees of the mountain-side surround us. No gay young gentleman of fashion clad in the latest tennis suit of variegated flannel: he is where the “tennis girl” is to be found—she who plays tennis all the day and dances half the night. What is there to prolong our stay? Air, for one thing. Air! Yes, already the eye is brighter and the step more elastic. You are intoxicated with ozone. Again: Look about you. While there is nothing of the stupendous, nothing of the grand, in the scenery, the prospect pleases the eye and enchants the thought. To-day the lake is coquettish. Wishing to detain us, it presents itself in its most attractive forms—now of glassy smoothness, now ruffled, now tossing and raging, an angry inland sea, when the wind, fierce and strong, sweeps between the rocky, wooded sides. The mountain above us invites our ascent. In anticipation of a clear morning, we revel in the thought of the glorious panorama to be unfolded.

—We are disciples of Izaak Walton, but are after a fish which the gentle, contemplative Izaak never hooked. “Are there many ‘lunge’ to be caught in the lake?” we ask the weather-beaten old fisherman of the place, the oracular authority on all matters of

fishing. "Oh! yes, plenty of 'em," is the response. But why that strange, sad smile upon the face of Mr. Piscator, the only guest at the hotel before our arrival? He quietly takes us aside, and tells us, with tears in his eyes, that he has been here a month without a bite. We are inclined to take Piscator for a fool, but remember the remark of the philosophic old darkey,—“Ef ye was kep' a-kotching de fish all de tahm, wha'd be de playshah ob de fishin'?” Truly, in the fisherman patience revealeth her perfect work.

——“What curus idees some of these city chaps hev!” remarked old John. Two of the pseudo-sportsman class, who sought to conceal their ignorance under an elegant show of rod, reel, and line, had arrived at the mountain house the day before. From their talk and display one might think they confidently expected to catch all the trout in the lake in a couple of hours. For the promise of a fair compensation John took them out. But the old fisherman's pay was not forthcoming when the wearied and disgusted party returned at evening. “Give me two dollars 'f I ketch ye a 10-pounder inside an hour?” John defiantly asked, after considerable dispute and bandying of expressive epithets. The compromise effected, the cunning old fisherman, true to his word, returned with a 13-pound “lunge”! It was packed on ice and expressed to the city, where I have no doubt it was proudly exhibited by the owner of the silver hook as his great catch up in Canada.

——To alter slightly an old proverb, “A man gets to know his companions not only on a long journey, but *in a small inn*.” So we found it one day at the mountain. To endeavor to out-lie another for the sake of a like attempt on his part is a questionable and not very profitable though tempting means of amusement, but proves to be very unsatisfactory if you happen to find one who takes your unexpressed but hinted challenge in good faith, and deliberately reels off the most astounding yarns, and evidently believes in them too. Why is it that the fisherman, the world over, is accounted the own child of the father of lies? Certainly his pecu-

liarly meditative occupation gives free sweep to his imaginative faculty. But why should not his imagination soar to heights sublime, instead of dwelling on matters of trivial moment? What countless books of wit and wisdom might be written, if your patient angler's thoughts were centred elsewhere than on the baited hook!

G. S. M.

THUNDER-STORM AT SEA.

(RONDEAU.)

Their mighty arms the dull blue clouds that drift
 Down slantwise, hurtling seaward sheer and swift,
 Spread far and heavily. Angry Ocean glowers,
 Darkened by their dread shadow. Tall cloud-towers,
 Torn by the deep-based sky-quake, start and shift
 Their massive masonry. And, see! a rift
 Splits their high walls! Through the rent strange sky-gleams sift.
 High toss the waves, while low the welkin lowers,
 Their mighty arms.

Cloud-mountains! Vast sky-beaches surfed and cliffed!
 O strong wind wailing for the ungained Sea's-gift!
 O fierce Sea-beast that bellows and devours!
 Behind your rage the calm, resistless powers,
 The stern, grand, elemental angels, lift
 Their mighty arms.

Richard Howey.

AMONG THE BUTTERFLIES.

In a scene depicted by some Grecian artist centuries ago, there is represented a philosopher, wrapped in the cloak of his thoughts, contemplating a human skull, on the crown of which a butterfly is resting. Critics tell us that the sage is Plato, and the butterfly—ever a symbol of the soul with the ancients—is leaving its earthly tenement to flit through nobler mansions, and bask in an eternal sunlight. How fitting and beautiful is this allegory of the great man's study of the immortality of the soul!

Would it be possible for nature to afford us a more perfect emblem of the human spirit than that airy, dainty creature, the butterfly? Imprisoned for a time within a gross body, and fettered by that body's passions, it is laid away in the gilded tomb, the chrysalis, soon to rise again, fitted to mount aloft in the pure air of heaven, and sip ambrosia.

Nature loves deep shadows to bring into relief her brightest forms. How sharp the contrast that the riotous caterpillar, masking its true nature, and playing the gormand through its short life, presents to its nobler counterpart! The caterpillar is the very incarnation of gluttony. Think of a creature's devouring twice his weight in food each day, and leaving off perforce when the sun goes down, still unsatisfied. Not so the perfect insect. The tissues of its body were all stored when it was grovelling and gormandizing, and now there is little need of food. Those gaping jaws that worked incessantly have given place to a slender, hollow tube, and now our reformed glutton goes about sucking nectar through a straw, as it were.

Butterflies are lovers of sunshine. Like punctilious church-goers, they prefer their own hearths on a cloudy day. There are, indeed, sylvan species, but even these are wont to flit most where the genial sunbeams pierce the foliage and cast dappled shadows upon the earth below. But their dislike for winds is not less than that for the shade. The mild south wind that brings us fresh odors of the earth in springtime may tempt them forth, but

when the cool, strong north-wester blows, it matters not how clear the sky, few butterflies are to be seen.

While yet the snow lies deep on field and meadow, ere April has come to soften the gruff nature of surly, blustering March, piebald patches appear in the landscape—hillside pastures and pine-grown river-banks. These are the spots where the walker will find *Antiopa*, the earliest of our butterflies to appear. How we slump and flounder, like shipwrecked mariners, toward these brown islands in a sea of snow! With what a sense of relief we stamp off the clinging snow, and press the mellowed ground under our feet;—but spring has come to us indeed, if, a moment later, *Antiopa* chances to arise from her warm corner beneath a tangle of sweet-fern. The butterfly seems rather to belong to summer's train than to be a harbinger of spring, and we wonder at the velvety-brown insect before us as sadly out of place. Doubtless its wings are faded, and perhaps torn, for it has lain curled up in some sheltered nook or cranny through the winter months, ready to rise when spring should come to mend those fires, the broken embers of which have been lying all winter on southern hillsides awaiting her magic breath to make them burst into warmth.

It may be the sound of martial music rising blithely on the spring air,—piercing fife-tones that thrill along tattered banners, and the decisive drum-beat,—that on Memorial Day awakes *Turnus*, not the warrior king of the Rutulians, but his namesake among the butterflies. On some years, it is true, he does not wait until Decoration Day before he rouses himself, shakes out his tiger-hued cloak in the fresh breeze, and is off for the rendezvous on the green plain; but rarely does he slumber through this holiday of our heroes.

The *Turnus* butterflies are lovers of fresh water. You may see flocks of them hovering over glassy pools in the roadway after a June shower, now alighting on the margin to sip the moisture, and then off with strong flight toward another quarter. Rarely do butterflies congregate in this way. The clover-loving, sulphur-yellow *Philodice*, so common in the spring and fall, seems to enjoy the company of its fellows, as do those little creatures called

“skippers” from their jerky flight, but their abundance may, in part, explain their flocking.

But we will leave Turnus galloping and curveting over the plain with others of the gens, or, if you please, *genus*, Papilio. Two of these, Asterias and Troilus—begging the reader’s indulgence for such a shower of names—are fine fellows dressed in trim, swallow-tailed suits of black velvet, and are fond of disporting themselves on fair days in our gardens. As we ramble on, let me confidentially tell you of Asterias’s liking for parsley and carrot-tops. In his baser nature he takes the form of a long caterpillar, banded cross-wise with black and gold, and preys on the garden-er’s beds. Few are aware what a superb fellow the parsley-worm really is. The uninitiated crunch him under foot without a pang; but to do the like to dapper Asterias they would decry as wanton, unfeeling murder of the innocent. By the way, how forcibly we are reminded by this humble worm that ofttimes a soul most beautiful and pure may be concealed within a misshapen, unsightly body!

Follow with me yonder limpid brooklet that will babble to us as we are led on where the thoroughworts, white and red, are blooming, and where that handsome flower called by farmers the “Queen of the Meadows,” *Asclepias incarnata* of the botanist, sheds its perfume on the June air. This is the haunt of silvery-winged Aphrodite, and here the early mower rouses her from the dewy grass with his advancing scythe. Bright fulvous are her wings, freckled with crescents and circles of black, but beneath they shine with silvery spots like freshly-coined dimes. Two attendant nymphs, Myrina and Bellona, you may see flitting here and there. To one who looks upon them for the first time they seem the very miniatures of Aphrodite, and both alike; but the latter of the pair, though not bereft of other attractions, is Myrina’s inferior in one particular—which in these days is regarded as a thing of great import: she is destitute of silver.

But the flower of the family, or, strictly speaking, the *genus*, is Idalia. While in the body, if we may use the expression, violet leaves, for which her relatives are all said to have an especial

weakness, are her food. Four different garbs are worn out and cast off ere *Idalia* takes a short repose in the chrysalis, and rises a new creature, beaming in orange and bright violet hues, to hover over billowy fields in June.

There is not time to tell of all the beautiful forms that flit here and there through the meadow and by the grassy roadside, but we will glance at a few. The delicate little blue butterflies at our feet seem specks of azure dropped from the sky. Take one in the hand, and how finely organized it is! How it would transcend all human art to adjust those minute, feathery scales, which cover the wings far more smoothly than the painter can spread his colors, and which the microscope alone can reveal, in all their regularity of arrangement, to man's blunt senses!

Let us notice, as we pass, a peculiar instance of protective mimicry, as scientists call it, in the *Graptas*. These insects have jagged wings, the under side of which is colored to resemble perfectly the dull bark of most trees. As the butterfly flutters in the sunlight the upper wing-surfaces glow with bright colors, but when once lit upon some tree trunk, as it is wont to do, its wings close like a brilliant-paged book with dusky covers, and we look in vain for the hidden *Grapta*, though it be before our very eyes.

We would speak, did time permit, of brawny *Archippus*, a great tawny fellow with dark veins, that dares lofty flights and often breasts strong winds; but we must take one glance, ere we leave, into yonder grove, where *Alope* and the *Neonymphas* dwell. They are modest creatures, eschewing fine colors, and wearing only brown and drab. Some one has, with reason, called them Quakers. *Alope* appears in more public places than the others, and, would you know her, she wears on each fore-wing an oblong golden shield with two dark bosses upon it.

Our stroll is over. We have seen but little of what we might, and have caught but glimpses of the beauties of the butterfly realm. Strange is it that poets have not more thoroughly explored its recesses, for what treasures for literature might they find there, would they but take the hand of science for a moment and be led into this fairy domain!

J. H. Gerould.

THE CHAIR.

When we returned to Hanover, a year ago last January, and looked upon the smoking remains of old Tontine, no one foresaw the transformation of Main street, now reaching completion in the erection of the new hotel. To say that we are pleased with it fails to express college feeling as the work rapidly progresses, which is to cover almost the last trace of the big fire. The general advantages resulting from a structure, at once so substantial and elegant, to both the town and the college, will be almost numberless. Our alumni will no longer be compelled to stay away Commencement week for want of accommodation, while alumni and others wishing to spend the summer months in Hanover may find pleasant quarters. There will be a place in town suitable for an invitation banquet, and even a class supper if desired. Rival athletic teams will no longer be subject to the inconvenience of stopping at the Junction, the general public will find ample accommodation, while college control will insure proper management. Thinking that the LIT. will reach many who will not be able to see and yet are interested in college improvements, we have deemed it worth while to insert in this number two cuts showing elevations. The building will be of brick trimmed with brown stone above the basement, three stories high in front and four in the rear, with a two-thirds pitch roof. The main building will be fifty by ninety-five feet, which with the tower makes a frontage on Main street of about one hundred feet, while the whole frontage on Wheelock street will be ninety-nine feet. The tower will be octagon in shape, seventeen feet in diameter and eighty-five feet high. There will be a double piazza along the whole frontage on Wheelock street. The two entrances will correspond in position nearly to the old ones, the main entrance being a brown stone arch opening on Main street. The two upper stories will contain forty-four

rooms, one of which will be a students' dining-hall on the second floor. The lower floor will contain ten rooms, including two dining-rooms separated by a glass partition, three parlors, and a reading-room. The work is to be completed by the fifteenth of May, and the cost, exclusive of plumbing, gas fixtures, etc., will vary but little from \$25,000. We understand the name is to be Wheelock hotel. Whatever the name, it will be an ornament to the village, which cannot but be appreciated.

One of the most difficult things for a student to do is to divide his patronage, even to his own satisfaction, among the various associations of the college. The calls are indeed numerous, and such as to baffle the sagacity of the average man of average means. Such being the case, the tendency seems to be to support the most liberally those things which most attract attention. Our lecture association since its formation has been the best managed and most poorly supported organization here in Hanover, where the cry so often goes up for amusement, and during the long winter evenings the only means of supplying the want is cramped for want of support. Men who pay liberally for other things do not seem to appreciate the efforts taken from year to year to make this a success. If this association were to receive the united college support it deserves, we might have a lecture course second to none.

That we might have a Y. M. C. A. building has for a long time been a wish in the minds of many members of the association. Until recently, however, the most hopeful have not expected it as an immediate addition. With this in view a petition was circulated among the students some months ago. The question came up before the August meeting of the trustees, when the feeling was universal that this was a need which ought to be supplied. A committee was appointed to have general charge of soliciting funds. The efforts thus far have met with so much success as to be very encouraging. Considerable money has already been pledged, so as to warrant the expectation that the enterprise will

succeed. The outlook at present seems to indicate that all plans may be drawn this fall, and preparations made to begin the erection of the building as soon as spring opens. The cost will range between eight and fifteen thousand dollars. That the stimulus given would materially affect the moral status of the college, and make Christian work more a privilege than a duty, need not be urged. To wealthy alumni and men of New Hampshire interested in the welfare of the college, we would say, no worthier object can demand your support.

It is much pleasanter to praise than to blame, to encourage than to censure. So often is it the mission of the college journal to point out past faults and the oughtness of the future, it seems refreshing when the first part of the typical text may be omitted. Such is the case with our Rugby Eleven. The games they played last year were worthy of praise in every instance, and only a series of circumstances, unavoidable for the most part, kept us from the championship. What is especially encouraging, the men who are trying for the team are willing to work, and every one is glad to see that eagerness for daily practice which means success every time. Men who work deserve college support, and we hope to see the boys met half way. If they are, the result need not be feared.

Exclamations of surprise were mingled with mournful remarks over *Dartmouth luck*, as the boys on their way to Hanover, Sept. 5th, read in the evening papers, "Rollins chapel injured by fire." The eagerness of inquiry on arrival showed but too plainly how proud we are of it. The opening cry of "Hard luck!" however, soon changed to thankfulness on learning that the damage was slight. There were many dejected faces Thursday morning in view of the ruined organ and blackened wood-work overhead. We were soon assured that two months would bring us a new organ, and that the other damage would be repaired as soon as possible. Prompt action prevented what might have proved a disastrous fire, and we have indeed reason to be thankful.

BY THE WAY.

The first thing like united opposition to inter-collegiate athletics, on the part of trustees and faculties, occurred last spring with Harvard in the lead. The smaller colleges took up the cry, and soon the enterprising newspapers of the country spread before the public opinions of various college presidents and instructors in gymnastics upon the effect of sports upon young men as students. The opinions were as conflicting and diverse as it was well possible for them to be. In some there was an evident effort to conciliate the students, while strongly opposing views were hinted; in others appeared a genuine spirit of defence for the system. A few came out in decided opposition to sports in any form; but most were careful to qualify their remarks with a hint at the manliness and good fellowship, the health, and the college spirit fostered by these trials of strength and skill. But stripping the opinions expressed of all qualifications, the balance of judgment and prejudice was decidedly against athletics in their present condition; and if the opposition shows itself again this year, it will be much stronger for its age of twelve months. If it does no more than remove the various "professionalisms" which have crept into inter-collegiate sports in the past few years, it will have done a good work.

*

* *

We hope the day when inter-collegiate sports shall be looked upon with general disfavor may be far distant, but this recent opposition surely points to nothing short of an abridgment, if not an entire abolition, of the sports as they now exist. True, Cambridge and Oxford hold their boat races, despite the argument of physicians and the university authorities that it is harmful to the men and the institutions they represent. But anything which has once awakened the opposition which last spring broke out

against inter-collegiate athletics is bound to awaken and reawaken that same opposition, however carefully the faults and defects of the system have been pruned; and at last all the forces of either party will be arrayed for a final struggle, in which the fate of these contests between colleges will be decided. Let us suppose that the verdict is against the students: what will take the place of that which has been removed? We must have inter-collegiate contests in something; if not in athletics, then in those things which, next to feats of skill, are of interest to students. That means that the class leader will have opportunity to measure his strength with men of equal standing in other colleges; the student of Greek, who has been the wonder of the class-room and the darling of the professor, will have the chance to test his knowledge of roots, derivations, and dialects with other prodigies; the chemist, whose knowledge of the raw materials of nature, of precipitates and fluxes, borders on magic, can meet men whose researches lie in the same direction. The orator, the mathematician, the logician, the psychologist, and the economist can face in open contest, before fair-minded judges, men of other colleges who are pursuing the same courses of study, whose thoughts, whose tastes, whose lives are in a measure parallel with their own. The good resulting from such conventions would be incalculable. It would broaden the horizon of men who have vanquished all competitors in their own college, and it would be an incentive to work that nothing else could equal. The "champion" chemist, botanist, orator, and linguist of the colleges would certainly reflect as much honor upon the institution he represented as the man who breaks a record in sprinting or pole-vaulting.

*

*

*

I have a friend who is always in a hurry; who never has a minute he can give to pleasure of any kind; but with an expression that says "It's awfully hard, but then I like it," he tells you that he is rushed to death all the time. The first time I saw him I gazed with awe and admiration upon the embodiment of so much activity. But now that I know him better, I find that this surplus

energy which always seems to be "on tap," ready to do wonderful things, for some reason does not move the mountains, or accomplish half that it undertakes. I find that in disposition my friend resembles that erratic insect, the water-bug—always moving, and always where you least expect to find him. In council he is flighty, unstable, and hasty to form judgment; in recitation he sometimes does remarkably well, at others very poorly indeed; and yet he seems so active all the time that you predict for him a successful career.

I know a self-made business man who has built up and now controls one of the largest enterprises known on this continent, whose agents are in every town of any size, both in this country and in England. The divisions and sub-divisions of his business, the intricacies of the system by which he checks and controls each of his employés, are almost infinite. Upon each of those he can practically lay his finger at any moment. Master of every detail of this huge commercial machine, he regulates it with the ease of a skilled mechanic. Yet, despite the fact that he started as a poor boy and is yet a young man, you will be disappointed if you expect to find in him the hurry and rush which one comes to associate with the man who has been successful in business in a large city. You will find him extremely slow and deliberate—almost heavy, you would say. Whether he entertains you as his guest, answers a business question, or smokes a cigar, he does it in a manner which my friend would call a sinful waste of time. But when he has advised you, his words carry with them such a feeling of security that you trust him without question.

These are two types of busy people that I cannot reconcile. The one seems like a saucy little tug, that puffs about the harbor and among the docks, and each night ties up to its pier, puts out its fires, and waits for the day. The other I would liken to an ocean steamer, which must have the service of the tug to get out of the harbor, but when once in motion holds its course through leagues of trackless waste, through fog, rain, and tempest. Day and night it moves, with a grim, determined, tireless energy, until the cry of "Land!" tells that its work is done.

THISTLE-DOWN.

TO INA.

Oft I rejoice, my soul is glad, and fain
A merry, glad and merry song would sing;
My tuneful harp in joyous song loud ring!
For praise of aught but thee I ask in vain.
My heart seems bursting oft with grief and pain.
Sad, sad, and mournful memories to it cling;
My solemn harp, some tearful anthem bring!
Thou, love, art the sole theme of its refrain:
And as my harp fit subject doth descry
In thee, and its one song my heart hath shown,—
So, in whatever mood my soul is bound,
And be its spirit breathed in laugh or sigh;
Except in praises of my love alone
My sweet-toned harp is mute and will not sound.

F. A. Macdonald.

A L'INCONNUE.

Though I never saw thee, dear,
Ever dost thou hover by;
Oft thy rippling laugh I hear.

Tinged with color, rich and clear,
Thy soft cheek doth charm mine eye,
Though I never saw thee, dear.

Coming o'er my book to peer,
And to set my thoughts awry,
Oft thy rippling laugh I hear.

For me, while dull care stands near,
Seemest thou to heave a sigh,
Though I never saw thee, dear.

Thou dost fill my heart with cheer,
As thy smiling face I spy;
Oft thy rippling laugh I hear.

Yes, thy portrait has a year
Beamed down from its easel high.
Though I never saw thee, dear,
Oft thy rippling laugh I hear.

IN '88.

The moon (of course) was shining bright,
 Awaking thoughts of love and song.
 Beside the garden gate that night
 We stood and chatted low and long.

I clasped her hands and whispered low,
 "One kiss before we part," I said.
 She leaped away, and answered, "No!"
 And scornfully tossed high her head.

I turned, but scarce three steps I went,
 Before she called, "'T was just in fun,
 You silly boy! You *knew* I meant
 To give—not *one*, but more than one!"

Take them? Well, yes; but some way now
 My liking for that girl is done:
 These leap years make you feel, somehow,
 Your suit's not won, but more than won.

C. F. Robinson.

AT THE GLEN.

HE.

Ah! yes, the maiden you mention—
 I met her this year at the Glen;
 You want to know how I liked her?
 I served her twelve hours out of ten.
 I ran at the slightest glancing
 Of those glorious eyes of brown;
 At her feet, like a knight for his lady,
 I laid all my manhood down.
 And not a word did she give me
 In return for my care and love,—
 No token of mercy or kindness,
 Not even a mended glove.
 But, ah! when she came to leave me—
 This glorious girl of mine—
 Shyly, yet like a princess,
 She left as a parting sign
 That my love was known and rewarded—
 What, you want me to say?
 I'll keep *that* locked in my bosom—
 That gift of my dainty fay.

SHE.

Oh! guess whom I met this morning!
 Can't? well, don't try again!
 That waiter—I mean the dark-eyed one—
 I tipped so big at the Glen.

Marshall P. Thompson.

CRAYON BLEU.

Few are so fortunate as to be able to fashion an immortal poem from the mere pleasant sound of an English vowel, and it is an equally rare endowment which enables one to evolve a pleasing novel or profitable social study by examining the tendencies of the systems of our busy world and the import of the wild schemes which may be in the air. Among the many attempts to treat important social problems in pleasant forms is¹ one of the past summer, which is profitable in that greatest sphere of book value, the new lights in which present things stand revealed by its instrumentality. Written by a Bostonian, miraculously preserved to see the light of the year 2000, it embodies the main features and details of a state of industry and society wholly revolutionized from that of our 1888. It contains not so much an improbable social system, as an impossibly perfect condition of humanity. The system is all that the most just and beneficial tendencies of to-day might work out in time were human passion left out of account. No fault is acknowledged in these Americans of 2000; no defect is noticed in their unique systems. While a century might work out, on present lines, a centralization of industries, a government by graduate election, an equal share in unequal profits, like that described, it could never work an era of such absolute unselfishness as Mr. Julian West finds in the people of his new Boston. Thus the author indulges in such moral extravagance that the splendor of his social world is somewhat dimmed. The worth and cleverness of the book seem to us to lie in this—the manner in which some of the evident tendencies of the present are followed to an ideal result, the shrewd and novel characterization of many weaknesses in America's social system now, and, as we have said, the new thoughts it starts running as to what may be the result of great wrongs prevalent all about us. Its keen characterization of a cultured man of our age, like one up to the neck in a nauseous bog solacing himself with a smelling bottle, is as striking as this illustration of the individualism of 1888 and the concert of 2000. "In the nineteenth century, when it rained, the people of Boston put up three hundred thousand umbrellas over as many heads, and in the twentieth century they put up one umbrella over all the heads"—the system of covered sidewalks furnishing the means of contrast. *Looking Backward* is interesting, full of brilliant thrusts and fraught with suggestions. Its patent impossibilities, which might have been partly avoided, create distrust, and nullify its influence for better things.

It is with pleasure we notice a volume,² the work of a Dartmouth graduate, Mr. R. P. Williams '76. Here is much chemistry in small compass. The 214 pages of this attractive little book, in 64 short chapters, open the way into many broad fields. There are over 130 well selected experiments for the pupil, illustrative wood cuts, theories, arithmetic, and plenty of problems, industrial applications, sometimes extended explanation of technical processes (photography, for instance), 25 pages of organic chemistry, lists of apparatus and chemicals in the appendix, and an index. An admirable combination of conciseness and clearness is the best feature of the book. The order of topics is unusual, and, if systematic, upon a wrong system. Sulphuric acid is studied before sulphur or water; acids, bases, and salts before any special acid, base, or salt; valence before vapor density, molecular or atomic weights, or any compound substance; union of gases by volume before any compound gas. Correct perspective and logical progress are thus sacrificed to a mis-

¹ *Looking Backward*, by Edward Bellamy. Ticknor's Paper Series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cts.

² *Introduction to Chemical Science*, by R. P. Williams, A. M., Instructor in Chemistry, English High School. Boston: Ginn & Co.

leading simplicity, and theories or generalizations too much treated as reasons of facts. Some of the statements are in their brevity unfortunate, at least. "Atoms composing sugar must be crowded nearer together than those of salt," because *gaseous* molecules are of the same size (p. 9). "We have seen that the molecular weight of a compound, as well as of most elements, is obtained from the vapor density by doubling the latter" (p. 111). But this method applies to compounds and elements alike, and only when they have known vapor density. "A large number of other substitutions can be made in each symbol, thus giving rise to as many different compounds" (p. 178). But variations of symbols do not make compounds. These criticisms upon matters especially difficult in satisfactory development are not urged against the book's general excellence.

Ginn & Co. issue a pamphlet¹ useful to students of Anglo-Saxon. It contains, besides introductory matter, problems on fifty words, nouns, and verbs, from Sweet's Anglo-Saxon reader. It presupposes a knowledge of German, and familiarity with the Germanic dialects. Its practical value is therefore for students of considerable advancement in Anglo-Saxon investigation.

Aids to the acquirement of skill in the understanding and use of Latin and Greek are becoming more numerous every day. Prof. D'Ooge has contributed to this useful class of text-book literature the result of his own experience with different methods before his classes.² We think the result is a volume of great excellence, if whatever is exceedingly useful may lay claim to worth. It will be of great value to teachers and students alike in helping to an easy familiarity with the Latin language.

Lippincott's for September contains Amélie Rives's tragedy "Herod and Mariamne." To those who admire this brilliant authoress, the new attempt will not be a disappointment. On the other hand, a severe criticism may be justly expected from those to whom "The Quick or the Dead?" was pernicious. The total result of this tragedy is the unpleasant sensation which a frenzied shriek of "Mad, madman, hell, blood, and death" would cause to a quiet mind. Herod is too impossibly vascillating and passionate, even for Herod, and Mariamne is unevenly drawn. Commendation is merited, not by the whole tragedy, but by parts. Herod's monologue at the opening of Act 4 may be taken to illustrate the intensity and vigor with which parts are managed. We cannot think Miss Rives's first dramatic attempt a success. The remainder of the magazine is occupied by matter of secondary importance.

The *Atlantic* for September maintains its standard. To Dartmouth men the most interesting feature is found in the opening chapters of Prof. Hardy's new serial, "Passe Rose." Thus far this beautiful girl wins our hearts completely. The garden scene with the dying abbot, and the throng of cripples and sick awaiting the display of the sacred relics, are starting-places from which the story moves rapidly forward to the point where *Passe Rose* leaves the abbey. The interest kindled by these opening chapters, and the knowledge that Prof. Hardy will not suffer that interest to abate, make us await with impatience the coming chapters. Special reviews are given to "A Library of American Literature," and Mrs. Custer's "Tenting on the Plains."

The *Journal of Education* of September 6th contains an interesting illustrated article by Olive E. Dana on Charles Dudley Warner.

¹*The Phonological Investigation of Old English*, by Albert S. Cook, Ph. D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1888.

²*Coloquia Latina*, by Benjamin L. D'Ooge. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1888.

EXCHANGES.

"What empty nothings are the stories in college publications," remarked an elderly literary critic as he looked over a pile of exchanges of fairly representative character. It is undeniably true that the average fiction in the smaller college publications proves in most cases very flat and worthless, and rarely does the more dignified *Lit.*—supposed to present in crystallized form the best literary thought and power of the college—contain stories of originality in plot and manifest excellence in literary execution. That this is so, note the great acclaim with which a really good story is hailed by the college press all over the country.

A few years ago I happened to come across some bound volumes of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, published between 1840 and 1850, if I remember rightly. At the time I was much interested, from curious motive, in the fiction it contained, which was of the most sentimental character in thought, and written in a very inflated style. Surely, one can say that college fiction has made a proportional improvement with the rest of American fiction over early models. Yet how great a need for still further evolution! Would that there might arise in our college world a story-writer of mighty power, to shame us all of our indifferent attempts, and to awake within us an enthusiasm of purpose to produce something which succeeding generations of writers in our respective colleges could take as a model of artistic fiction.

At the time this department goes to the printer it still seems to be a little early for the appearance of the first issues of the new year. The longer the delay, however, the warmer the eventual welcome.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Williams Weekly*, *Exonian*, and *Yale Courant*. The last contains some commendable verse, of which we clip the following:

BESSIE ALLAIR.

O Bessie Allair, do you never think now
Of the days when we thought not of care,
Of the little brown house on the hill's lofty brow
When still you were Bessie Allair?
You lived just over the way, I recall,—
Is the house there, I wonder, to-day?—
Oft I watched for the glance that I treasured o'er all
From the maiden from over the way.
I'd steal in the morning when wakened from sleep,
Out to see if the day promised fair;
Then oft I would see through the closed shutters peep
The blue eyes of Bessie Allair.
The daisies have oft with their beautiful tide
Overflooded the fields since the day
When first your blue eyes charmed me close to your side—
Sweet maiden from over the way.

My heart's fondest whispers a long time I hushed,
 And I dared not my passion declare,
 Till I saw how one day at my coming you blushed,
 My blue-eyed, sweet Bessie Allair.
 Your blushes foretold me of Cupid's approach
 As the dawn marks the coming of day,
 And I knew that my ardor would meet no reproach
 From the maiden from over the way.

As you sit by my side in the firelight's glow,
 And your face is lit up by the flare,
 The years of a sudden seem backward to flow,
 And again you are Bessie Allair.
 Your hair that was gold as the heavens are when
 The sun sets in summer, is grey,
 But you are to me now, as you were to me then,
 Just the maiden from over the way.

And this expression of a different feeling of the lover's heart comes from the *Harvard Monthly* for July.

A YEAR.

A year ago, and thus I rode
 To meet her. Ah! but how it snowed
 That blustering night, though little care
 Had I for storm or stinging air,
 Whose eyes looked on to one bright place
 That grew a light and grew a face
 With eyes and lips to meet my own,
 With words and glances sweetly flown
 From wind-blown curls all starred with snow.
 'T was thus I rode a year ago.

To-day, and all is changed. The skies
 Are blue as spring's awakened eyes,
 And all the winding way is set
 With buttercup and violet,
 And sweet with song, vain to express
 The passionate pulse of happiness
 That thrills the singer. But to me,
 Unreal and dim as dream may be,
 The sun, the song the thrushes sing,
 Whose heart heeds but a single thing,—
 A hill to climb, a door to cast
 Behind me, then one blow to blast
 Her faithless beauty, and away!
 And thus it is I ride to-day.

Literary articles in periodicals :

A Letter to a Young Man Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art. R. L. Stevenson in *Scribner's* for September.

A Letter to Same Young Man. W. H. Low in *Scribner's* for September.

The University and the Bible. T. T. Munger in *Century* for September.

Western Journalism. Z. L. White in October *Harper's*.

The Poems of Michael Angelo. *Edinburg Review* for July.

The Fall of Fiction. *Fortnightly Review* for September.

Count Leo Tolstoi. Archdeacon F. W. Farrar in *Forum* for October.

Has America Produced a Poet? Edmund Gosse in *Forum* for October.

The Historic Forces Which Gave Rise to Puritanism. W. L. Kingsley in *New England and Yale Review* for September.

Reminiscences of John Leach. W. Holman Hunt in *Contemporary Review* for September.

Literary Immortality. Prof. J. R. Seeley in *Contemporary Review* for September.

Henry More, The Platonist. Arthur Brown in *Contemporary Review* for September.

The Poetry of Matthew Arnold. Miss V. D. Scudder in *Andover Review* for September.

Literary Anodynes. Andrew Lang in *New Princeton Review* for September.

Pessimism and Recent Victorian Poetry. H. F. Randolph in *New Princeton Review* for September.

The American School of Art. J. Durand in *New Princeton Review* for September.

Charles Lamb's Letters. In September *Eclectic*.

The Ghost in Hamlet. In *Shakesperiana* for September.

Montaigne. In September *Eclectic*.

The Scientific Spirit of the Age. Francis Power Cobbe in September *Eclectic*.

A Native Author Called Roe (an Autobiography). E. P. Roe in *Lippincott's* for October.

Some Words About E. P. Roe. W. S. Walsh in *Lippincott's* for October.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

We are indebted to Charles R. Webster '82 for the following account of the history of one of our most flourishing Alumni associations.

The Dartmouth Alumni Association of Chicago originated in a call issued through the daily papers of January 8th, 9th, and 10th, 1876, by M. W. Hazen, class of '66, to whose efforts, more perhaps than to those of any other one man, the organization is indebted for its existence. Pursuant to this call, some thirty graduates of the college assembled at the Grand Pacific hotel on Thursday evening, January 13, 1876, and effected a temporary organization. Judge E. W. Evans, class of '38, was chairman, and Mr. Hazen secretary of the preliminary meetings, and there were present besides Prof. George W. Woodward '31, Prof. J. C. Webster '32, Pres. S. C. Bartlett '36, Rev. Charles Peabody '39, Silas Merriam '44, E. G. Hook '51, C. F. Remick '53, J. W. Hayes '60, E. D. Redington '61, R. H. White '62, W. H. Peck '62, J. P. Putman '62, D. E. Bradley '63, Dr. A. H. Foster '63, Dr. J. C. Webster '64, Rev. C. A. Towle '64, A. B. Baldwin '65, Rev. James Powell '66, L. L. Wood '66, Abram Brown '67, S. P. Prescott '67, W. W. Evans '72, E. J. Bartlett '72, F. A. Bradley '73, Dr. E. C. Dudley '73, and J. B. Johnson '74.

At an adjourned meeting held at the Grand Pacific hotel, February 10, 1876, the organization was completed, constitution and by-laws adopted, and officers elected, and after informal addresses by some of those present, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the Executive Committee. In accordance with arrangements made by the committee, the first regular meeting and banquet of the association was held on Thursday evening, March 16th following, at the same hotel, about forty graduates being present. The pleasure of the occasion was greatly saddened by the sudden death, a few days previous, of the first president of the association, General J. D. Webster '32, a gallant soldier, "A most esteemed citizen," "A public servant who never failed in the performance of a duty or the faithful execution of a trust," and a most genial man, beloved by all who knew him. At the time of his death General Webster was United States collector of internal revenue at Chicago, having been appointed to that office by General Grant, upon whose staff he served for a time during the war.

Mr. B. F. Ayer '46, now general solicitor of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General Webster, and presided at the banquet. President Asa D. Smith also was present at this meeting, and responded in his happiest manner to the toast of "Alma Mater." Among those who were present and made addresses at that time, and who have since joined "the silent majority," besides President Smith, were Prof. Caleb Mills '28, of Wabash college, Prof. George W. Woodward '31, who responded to the following sentiment, "The memory of Dartmouth's first president, Eleazer Wheelock—may the mantle of his energy, benevolence, advanced thought, and beautiful spirit descend upon every alumnus of his college;" also, Prof. Milo P. Jewett '28 and Judge Walter P. Flanders '31, both of Milwaukee.

Subsequent reunions and banquets have been held in January of each year, with an average attendance of about forty alumni, and the membership of the association has increased steadily to about 150. The secretary has also the names of some 100 additional alumni residing in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, southern Wisconsin, and eastern Iowa.

The associations organized subsequently in St. Louis and St. Paul have drawn away some of those who had identified themselves with the Chicago association, and those graduates of recent years who were Western men, or have come West since graduation, seem to have found their location, for the most part, farther West. These annual reunions have been occasions of very pleasant interchange of reminiscences, and have done much to accomplish the purpose of the association as expressed in the constitution, viz., "To cultivate more intimate relations between the graduates of Dartmouth college, and to promote the welfare, standing, influence, and usefulness of the Alma Mater." In fact, it must be confessed that if it were not for these annual gatherings, Dartmouth's name and fame would be in great danger of being forgotten in this community, her name being much oftener seen or heard in connection with the death of some old settler,—almost universally, to her credit be it said, a man of influence, who has commanded respect and acquitted himself honorably,—than with matters of current interest. This is largely due, no doubt, to the fact before mentioned, that so large a proportion of her graduates locate farther West. The programme at these meetings has varied from year to year, at some times being entirely informal and given up to purely social intercourse and conversation, with impromptu after-dinner talks, and at others, formal toasts or set speeches have been prepared and delivered.

One distinguishing feature of these banquets, which has at least sustained Dartmouth's reputation as a "fresh water" college, has been the total absence of all alcoholic beverages. Whether a banquet without wine can be an entire success the writer will not undertake to discuss here, but merely proposes the following sentiment, in the words of the poet,—

"Tell me, man of morals, tell me, why
Should every creature drink but I;
Tell me, man of morals, tell me why."

Among those who are generally relied on to be present at these reunions are, first and always, until the last meeting, when he was confined by rheumatism, Hon. John Wentworth '36, more familiarly known as "Long John," whose interest in the college seems to increase with his advancing years, B. F. Ayer '46, Prof. J. J. Blaisdell '46, of Beloit college, Wisconsin, D. L. Shorey '51, C. F. Remick '53, Rev. Charles Caverno '54, Dr. A. W. Freeman '54, A. J. Cheney '57, B. L. Pease '59, Rev. Arthur Little '60, Maj. E. D. Redington '61, Dr. I. N. Danforth '61, R. H. White '62, D. A. Bradley '63, and his brother, Prof. C. F. Bradley '73, Dr. A. H. Foster '63, Jonas Hutchinson '63, S. S. Burr '63, Dr. J. C. Webster '64, Dr. Charles Caldwell '64, J. B. Johnson '74, E. C. Crawford '74, W. H. Ray '77, J. W. Lanehart '81, Rev. W. A. Bartlett '82, R. P. Parker '82, Charles R. Webster '82, N. A. McClary '84, and C. L. Jenks, Jr., '86.

Of those who have contributed very largely to the interest of the meetings, but have now passed away, were Prof. J. C. Webster '32, a brother of General Webster, Judge E. W. Evans '38, William C. Grant '51, and the brilliant, inspiring orator, the genial, witty, and whole-souled companion, Rev. James Powell '66, whose memory will always be lovingly cherished by those who have sat with him around this festal board. This year, too, the association was called, but a few days after his election, to mourn the loss of its respected president, General John L. Thompson, non-graduate '56, a leader at the Chicago

bar, a man of highest worth of character and rare attainments, closely identified with all matters of highest public interest and welfare. He was likewise president of the Union League Club of Chicago, the most influential organization of its character west of New York city.

The presidents of this association have been successively,—General J. D. Webster '32, B. F. Ayer '46, Judge E. W. Evans '38, Hon. John Wentworth '36, William C. Grant '51, Benjamin E. Gallup '47, D. L. Shorey '51, Rev. Charles Peabody '59, S. B. Chase '44, Rev. Charles Caverno '54, Rev. Arthur Little '60, Prof. J. J. Blaisdell '46, A. J. Cheney '57, and General John L. Thompson '56.

The present officers of the association are, first vice-president and acting president, Jonas Hutchinson '63; Prof. C. F. Bradley '73, W. H. Ray '77, and Rev. W. A. Bartlett '82, executive committee; Charles R. Webster '82, secretary and treasurer.

'41. Gardner G. Hubbard recently addressed the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in regard to the Interstate Telegraph bill. He advocated important amendments to prevent watering of stock and mismanagement to the detriment of the people. He has been elected a director of the American Bell Telephone Co.

'42. A volume comprising the addresses delivered at Boston in honor of Dr. John D. Philbrick, reviewing his early life and education, his life and character and public services, has been issued by the N. E. Pub. Co., edited by Larkin Dunton.

'43. Lyman D. Stevens has been appointed trustee of the Agricultural College.

'44. Wm. C. Todd, of Atkinson, has signified his intention to give a monument to the forty soldiers from that town who died in the Rebellion.

'45. Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Currie, of Lebanon, N. H., took a Canadian pleasure trip in August.

'47 Med. Coll. On the occasion of the welcome home extended to Mr. Blaine at Augusta, August 13, Dr. George E. Brickett was one of three distinguished gentlemen who rode in Mr. Blaine's carriage. He afterward occupied a prominent seat on the platform during the speeches.

'50 Med. Coll. Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Dearborn, of Nashua, N. H., have arrived home from their European trip.

'55. Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Lewiston, Me., was unanimously renominated and triumphantly reelected to congress. His plurality was 5,500, a gain of 1,743 over that of two years ago. During the present term of congress his name has been very prominently before the country in connection with the fishery and shipping questions.

'55. Judge Walbridge A. Field returned from Europe on the Scythia, September 8.

'55. At the Medway (Mass.) Congregational church semi-centennial, Rev. E. O. Jamieson, of the Mills Congregational church, gave salutations from the "Grandmother Church."

'56. Prof. Isaac Bridgman has opened a preparatory school for boys at Northampton, Mass.

'56. Hon. N. P. Hunt, of Manchester, is a member of the N. H. Republican State Executive Committee.

'57. Rev. C. E. Milliken, pastor of the Congregational church at Penacook, N. H., was lately married to Miss Ellen A. Folger, a teacher in the public schools of Concord.

'57. Thomas Henry Thorndike, of Pittsfield, N. H., died very suddenly at his home on Wednesday, June 13. His death is supposed to have been caused by a shock. He was born at Pittsfield, Jan. 15, 1835. He fitted for college at Pittsfield, Gilmanton, and Mont Vernon academies. He studied law with Judge Lewis W. Clark '50, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. He retired from active practice in 1874, but has done a large probate business since that time.

'57 C. S. D. Prof. C. C. Rounds spoke on temperance at the annual convention of the Grafton County East Sunday School Association, held at Plymouth, N. H., Sept. 4.

'58. Rev. S. C. Beane is pastor of the Unitarian church at Newburyport, Mass.

'59. Judge A. W. Tenney, of New York, has spoken many times on the political situation in the present campaign. He was one of the most prominent orators in the Vermont canvass.

'59. Prof. L. T. Townsend, of Boston University, delivered a stirring lecture in the amphitheatre at Chautauqua, N. Y., August 10, on "Jesuitism and the Nation," taking the position that the Jesuits were making an organized effort in Boston and other cities to gain control of our government and institutions, and giving a significant note of warning.

'59. Judge W. G. Veazey has been chosen a director of the Howe Scale Works of Rutland, Vt. He was president of the day at the reunion of the Windsor County Veterans at Ludlow, Vt., August 29.

'61. At a municipal election held August 7, Hon. George E. Hodgdon was reelected mayor of Portsmouth, N. H., for a term of one year.

'61. Hon. George A. Marden was nominated by the Massachusetts Republican State Convention for the responsible office of state treasurer.

'63. Hon. Nathaniel H. Clement, judge of the city court of Brooklyn, has presented to the state a fine oil portrait of his father, Hon. Zenas Clement, who was treasurer of New Hampshire from 1837 to 1843. The painting will be hung in the state treasurer's office at Concord.

'66. Geo. W. Wing has been appointed assistant adjutant and inspector-general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, on the staff of Gov. Ormsbee of Vermont.

'70 Med. Coll. The recent severe illness of Dr. C. C. Odlin, one of the most popular physicians of Melrose, Mass., was the cause of much anxiety to his friends. The severe pains in his side, probably caused by riding about so much, which troubled him in Exeter, N. H., returned a short time since. Resuming his practice too quickly, he had a relapse, and was seriously ill for several weeks.

'73. Rev. F. E. Clark delivered an address at the Middlesex Christian Endeavor Union, held at Westford, Mass., Sept. 3.

'73. The marriage of Rev. Pitt Dillingham, of Buffalo, N. Y., formerly of Charlestown, Mass., to Miss Florence Bell, daughter of Dr. James B. Bell, of Boston, was recently solemnized at Skowhegan, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham received the congratulations of many friends who were present, and the best wishes of others who could not attend the ceremony.

'73. Rev. J. M. Dutton is president of the new Hedding Chautauqua Association at East Epping, N. H. At the assembly on August 14 he spoke on the needs and prospects of the association. He was one of the prominent movers in its foundation.

'74. Frank S. Streeter has been elected vice-president and a director of the American Trust Co., just organized at Concord, N. H., with a paid up capital of \$100,000.

'75. Mr. T. B. Rice continues as principal of Atkinson academy, Atkinson, N. H. The school opens its second century this term.

'76. R. P. Williams, A. M., Harvard '78, teacher in Boston Latin schools, has written a book on chemistry. Published by Ginn & Co.

'77. W. H. Ray is principal of Hyde Park school, and is one of the foremost educational men in Illinois. For the past year he has been president of two Illinois teachers' associations. He is at present chairman of a committee to revise the whole course in teaching English in northern Illinois. He had charge of the public examinations of candidates for appointment to West Point from the first district of Illinois, Congressman R. W. Dunhour. He is also a member of the Illinois board of examiners, which issues state certificates to teachers. The last examination he looked over 1,700 pages of copy. During the past year he has read a paper on "The Teacher" before the students of Beloit college, also a paper on "The Relations of the High School to Citizenship," before the Philosophical Society of Hyde Park, and later before the Teachers' Club in Chicago. Before the Hyde Park lyceum he presented a paper on "Books, and How to Read Them." He has written many book reviews for the *Dial*, published by A. C. McClurg, of Chicago.

'78. Rev. T. C. H. Bouton has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church at Dunbarton, after a successful pastorate of eight years. He will take a much needed rest. He preached his farewell sermon Sunday, September 2.

'78. Geo. Pearley is a lawyer and investing agent. Address, Welcome & Pearley, Moorhead, Minn. He visited the East this summer with his wife.

'79. C. W. French is Professor of History in the West Division high school of Chicago, at a salary of \$2,000. His address is Western Springs, Ill. He has delivered a paper during the year before the Cook County teachers' association on "Teaching of History," and has spoken scores of times on the subject of "Christian Endeavor."

'79. H. W. Kittredge is principal of the Fitchburg (Mass.) high school.

'80. Wm. E. Barrett has an interesting article in the *Boston Evening Record* for September 1, entitled "The Record, Itself. About the Young Men who Help Make it." Speaking of the local staff, he says,—“Here are a number of young men, all of whom are recent graduates from New England colleges, and who are winning their first steps toward fame and fortune on the *Record*. J. P. Tucker, who graduated at Dartmouth in '86, W. D. Quint in '87, and F. A. Wood in '86, are each 24 years of age. Mr. Tucker was intended for a lawyer, but he left that to enter this office, and has started off for a lead. Mr. Quint is the son of Dr. A. H. Quint, and has his father's force.” Again: “The outside advertising agent is Mr. J. G. Chandler ['82]. . . . Mr. Chandler is 27 years old. I was in college with him, and he is one of the most enthusiastic and pushing of the staff, showing in the newspaper line the same address that has characterized his father's successful career in Republican national politics.” The *Record* enters upon its fifth year with the best of prospects.

'80. Hon. Warren C. French, of Woodstock, Vt., spoke at a Republican rally at Sharon, August 24.

'80 hon. Mr. Henry Winkley died recently at Philadelphia, aged 84 years. He was a self-made man, rising from a clerkship in a crockery store to a position of one of the foremost crockery importers in the country. During his lifetime he donated over \$300,000 to colleges and schools of New England, giving \$50,000 to Dartmouth. In his will he bequeathed about \$175,000 more to New England schools and colleges, \$20,000 going to Dartmouth. Pres. Bartlett '36 was present at his funeral, and spoke briefly in commemoration of him and his munificence to Dartmouth.

'81. Rev. Myron W. Adams has resigned the pastorate of the Hopkinton (N. H.) Congregational church, and entered the post-graduate class at Andover Theological Seminary.

'81 and '84. F. H. Herrick and Louis Bell are the first Dartmouth men to take the full course at Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Bell has been elected to the chair of physics in Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., and Mr. Herrick to the chair of biology in Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio.

'81. G. W. Patterson spent two weeks in Hanover with his father this summer. Since May he has been pastor of the Congregational church at Bristol, N. H.

'82. A. V. Goss is a practising physician at West Randolph, Vt.

'84. T. E. Chapin is principal of the high school at Gardiner, not South Hadley, Mass., as stated in our last issue.

'84. Arthur W. Jenks spent the summer tutoring in Lagrange, Ill.

'84. N. A. McClary is with the National Gaslight & Fuel Company, 218 LaSalle St., Chicago. He and Nutt, '84, are both to be married this fall.

'85. Richard Hovey has been charming the residents of the New England seaside resorts with readings and lectures this summer.

'85. C. A. Kimball is in Chicago, at 265 Indiana street, teaching evening school and studying law.

'85. Walter Mooers, of Oldtown, Me., has been elected principal of the Ashland (Mass.) high school.

'86. H. P. Andersen remains in Y. M. C. A. work at 222 Bowery, New York city. He made a trip to Chicago this summer, and with a party of Dartmouth men tramped through the White Mountains. The others were E. D. Frost and Arthur Fairbanks '86, Edward L. Gulick '83, and J. M. Willard '87.

'86. Rev. F. P. Batchelder, who has been supplying the desk of the West Gloucester (Mass.) Congregational church during the summer, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, September 2. His text was from I Cor. ii, 9. The church has more than doubled under his care.

'86. C. L. Jenks has had ten songs published during the past year.

'86. W. P. Kelly, who for the past year has been teaching at South Hadley, Mass., spent the summer at his home in Troy, Ohio. He secured a position in the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, the place vacated by Hurlbert '85, but was unable to accept on account of trouble with his eyes. He returns to the place he held last year, as principal of schools in South Hadley, Mass.

'86. Dana S. Marshall, principal of the high school at Hillsborough Bridge, N. H., died recently of heart disease, aged 24. He belonged in Hampstead, and had been at Hillsborough Bridge about two years.

'86 C. S. D. J. W. Newton remains with W. B. Clarke & Co., at an increased salary.

'86. H. W. Thurston, who for the past year has been assistant principal of the Hyde Park (Ill.) high school, changes to LaGrange, Ill., a few miles from Chicago. He will be principal of the high school at a salary of \$1,700, with prospect of rapid promotion. He received from *The Academy*, published at Syracuse, N. Y., honorable mention for a paper on "Science Teaching in Secondary Schools."

'87. Edward B. Hale has been elected principal of the high school at Turner's Falls, Mass.

'87 non-grad. Died of consumption, July 22, William Page Hastings, of Rochester, N. H.

'87. G. E. Johnson has accepted the position of principal of the Springfield (Vt.) high school, his home and place of fitting for college.

'87. W. S. Ross has been chosen principal of the high school at Berwick, Me.

'88. A. L. Avery is teaching at Wells River, Vt.

'88. Elmer T. Blake has accepted a professorship in Drury college, Springfield, Mo.

'88. Chas. H. Brock has accepted the position of principal of the Somerset (Mass.) high school.

'88. J. L. Clark is studying law in his father's office in Manchester.

'88. R. N. Fairbanks enters the Chicago office of the Fairbanks Scale Works. Address, care of Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

'88. Married, September 4, L. H. W. French, of Andover, to Miss Ida M. Collins, of Wilmot, N. H. Mr. French has been unanimously chosen over many competitors principal of the Sandwich (Mass.) high school.

'88. F. L. Keay is teaching in Colebrook, N. H.

'88. J. W. Kelly is studying law in the office of Frink & Batchelder, Portsmouth, N. H.

'88. D. L. Lawrence is principal of the high school at Harrington, Del.

'88. A. L. Livermore is assistant principal of the high school at Houston, Texas.

'88. E. J. Powers is teaching in Webster, N. Y.

'88. B. S. Simonds, Jr., will teach Mathematics and Geology in Stark, Florida.

'88. H. J. Stevens is an instructor in the Highland Park (Ill.) military school.

'88. F. A. Walker had an offer of \$2,400 a year to go to Aspinwall, Isthmus of Panama, in the electrical engineering business. He will be during this year in the electrical works of Thompson & Houston, Lynn, Mass.

'88. W. H. Whitcomb is principal of the high school at Charlestown, N. H.

'88. F. A. Whittemore is principal of the high school at Hyannis, Mass. His daughter, born August 11, takes the class cup.

'88 non-grad. F. H. Pearson is studying law in Lowell, Mass. His address is Myrtle, corner 10th, street.

F. L. DUNNE,

338 Washington St., Boston,

IMPORTING TAILOR.

Constantly in Receipt of the Latest London Novelties.

PRICES MODERATE.

FINEST WORK.

THE LARGEST STUDENT TRADE OF ANY HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. JAMES E. DENNISON will visit Hanover regularly to take orders.

— A T —

STORRS & WESTON'S

YOU WILL BE SURE OF FINDING THE

Latest Styles of Gents' Furnishings Throughout.

We are agents for the Dover Clothing Co.

WE CAN GIVE YOU

A No. 1 Fit, without a Fancy Price.

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

If so, and desire fashionable writing papers at reasonable prices, send us three 2-cent stamps for samples of

Boston Linen,
Boston Bond,
Bunker Hill Linen,
 and other styles, representing over
250 Varieties,
 which we sell by the pound.

**DO YOU
WRITE?**

Samuel Ward Co. (Incorporated)
 Stationers, Engravers, Printers.
 178-184 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Class Invitations, Dance Orders, Engraving,
 Stamping, etc., a specialty.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

of every description, suited for all branches of
 Art Work.

Architects' Supplies,
 Engineers', Draughtmen's,
 and Surveyors' Instruments,
 Drawing Papers,
 Tracing Cloths, Tracing Papers,
 T-Squares, Angles,
 Cross-Section Papers, etc.
 Sole Agents in the United States for
 Levy's Blue Process Papers.

Croft & Adams,

IMPORTERS,

37 Cornhill, BOSTON.

Catalogues free on application. For prices
 and other information apply to G. F. SPAR-
 HAWK, Conant Hall, 2 and 5, Hanover, N. H.

Wm. A. Wood & Co.,

ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS;

53 Summer Street, - - Boston.

Engraved Invitations and Visiting Cards Executed at Short Notice.

Menus, Class-Day Invitations, Portraits, Crests, Initial and Monogram Stamping

COMMERCIAL WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ENGRAVED CALENDARS FOR 1889 NOW READY.

Junction House,

LAVENDER & EDDY.

White River Junction.

BOOKS ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED MISCELLANEOUS
BOOK STOCKS IN THE STATE.

STATIONERY Paper by the Pound. Sold by weight, 16 oz.
to the pound. Do not pay high prices. Buy of us.
Rates from 20c. per pound up. We call es-
pecial attention to our Beacon Hill and Marcus Ward's Royal Irish Linen for polite correspondence.

ART The Finest Line of ETCHINGS, including Remark and Artists' Proofs, in
the city. Engravings, Photographs, etc. Agents for the Soule Unmounted
Photographs.

ARTISTIC FRAMING TO ORDER.

HUNT & WILSON, Board of Trade Building,
CONCORD, N. H.

BOSTON

LARGE STOCK of BOOKS

Foreign Bookstore.

in Ancient and Modern
Languages.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

CARL SCHOENHOF,

144 Tremont Street.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

THE QUINCY,

BOSTON.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

— 500 ROOMS —

J. W. Johnson. J. W. Johnson & Co. Geo. G. Mann.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,

Summer Songs, Autumn Melodies, Winter
Anthems, Spring Carols,

*By the thousand and hundred thousand are found on
the shelves of our great music store.*

Glee Clubs, Choirs, and Musical Societies supplied.

Oliver Ditson & Co.,

BOSTON.

WRITING PAPERS,

ENVELOPES,

TABLETS, PADS, AND PAPETERIES.

ENVELOPES. Of every description
(all sizes and colors), Linen, Rag, and Manila.

WRITING PAPERS. Royal Irish
Linen, Marcus Ward & Co.'s, Crane's Linen,
Charter Oak, Huron Mills, and many other pop-
ular makes.

PAPETERIES. A most complete
line of the choicest grades.

TABLETS AND PADS,

Writing Papers by the Pound.

Republican Press Association,

CONCORD, N. H.

Invaluable to all who keep Scrap-Books.

AMERICAN

NOTES and QUERIES.

Notes on quaint and curious matters.

Queries—Literary, historical, etc., answered.

Discussions of moot points.

PRIZE QUESTIONS

For the best answers to which

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

IS OFFERED.

Weekly—\$3.00 per year. 10c. per number.

WM. S. WALSH,

619 Walnut Street, - - Philadelphia.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Fine and Medium Clothing,

READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER

In all the Newest and Most Stylish Fabrics,

Especially adapted for Young Gentlemen's Wear.

Cor. Washington and Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Who Makes Your

* Illustrations? *

VIEWS, PORTRAITS,

Ornamental Designs, Etc.,

either by Photo-engraving or Photogravure.

Our Work May be Seen in the
Best Publications of the Day.

Boston Photogravure Co.,

27 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

Largest Stock in New England

—OF—

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

—AND—

*Drafting * Instruments,*

—AT—

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.'s,

82 and 84 Washington St. and 46 Friend St.,
BOSTON.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

Artists' and Painters' Supplies
of every description.

Special Terms to Students. Send for Catalogue.

FACTORIES:

101 Portland St., Boston.
South Clinton St., Chicago.
South Paris, Maine.

C. W. WOODWARD & CO.,

Tailors and Importers,

Woodward Building,

CONCORD, N. H.

~~~~~  
REGULARLY IN HANOVER.  
~~~~~

THE MOST MODERATE PRICES FOR THE CLASS
OF WORK OF ANY HOUSE DOING
BUSINESS IN HANOVER.

Complete * Satisfaction * Guaranteed.

WALTER C. BROOKS & CO.,

Tailors and Clothiers,

6 Union St., - - - Boston.

~~~~~  
A Full Line of all the Leading Novelties Constantly on Hand.

First-Class Work at Lowest Prices.

Style and Fit Guaranteed.

GARTER BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN

Choice Candies,

FRUIT, NUTS, CIGARS, ETC.

Make Lowest Prices

AND CARRY FINE STOCK.

BILLIARD  
—HALL.

New Rooms Newly Furnished.

CHOICE CIGARS

—AND—

TOBACCO.

Henry W. Sanborn,

Proprietor.

IRA B. ALLEN,

LIVERY

STABLE.

Good Teams at Moderate  
Prices.

STAGES TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS.



Richmond Straight Cut No. 1

CIGARETTES.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1 CIGARETTES are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored, and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the Old and Original Brand of Straight Cut Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the firm name as below is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,  
Richmond, Virginia.

PHOTOS BY  
*Holland*  
 10  
 Temple Place.  
 BOSTON.

*Photographer to thirty different classes.  
 '87 and '88.*

New Hampshire Publishing House.

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

EDSON & EASTMAN,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL STATIONER.

CONCORD, N. H.

The reputation we have attained, of selling the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices, is not mere newspaper talk, but honest fact, which our steadily increasing trade proves beyond a question.

Save money by buying your Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, Pencils, etc., of Eastman.

EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK AND STATIONERY LINE.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF WRITING PAPER IN THE STATE.

FRENCH AND IRISH LINEN WITH ENVELOPES TO MATCH.

NEW AND ELEGANT QUARTERS

## Livery Stable.

\*\*\*\*\*

New Horses and  
Carriages.

Good and Reliable Teams at Short  
Notice and Lowest Prices.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* McCarthy & Haskell, \*  
Proprietors.

HANOVER, N. H.

OPP. CURRIER'S BLOCK.

## DARTMOUTH

## Laundry & Bath-house,

Rear of Carter's Block.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Laundry Work of every Kind  
done in a Satisfactory  
Manner.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*All the Improvements of  
a City Laundry.*

E. O. CARTER,  
HANOVER, N. H.

## DARTMOUTH BOOK-STORE.

E. P. STORRS, *Proprietor.*

(Successor to Hanover Paper Company  
and N. A. McClary.)

A Full Line of Stationery,  
Fountain, Stylographic,  
and Gold Pens.

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGARS  
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Emerson Block - - - HANOVER.

## G. F. COLBY, PRACTICAL BOOK-BINDER.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Magazines, Periodicals,  
Town and Family Libraries,*

Rebound in a neat and durable manner at

LOW PRICES.

\*\*\*\*\*

OPPOSITE CROWLEY CLUB.

# DAME, STODDARD & KENDALL,

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR

• Pocket Knives, Table Cutlery, Scissors, •

LAWN TENNIS, FISHING TACKLE,

Dressing Cases, Opera Glasses, Fine Leather Goods,

RAZORS, SINGLE AND IN SETS, RAZOR STROPS,

STAR SAFETY RAZORS, ENGSTRÖM'S SWEDISH RAZORS.

---

# DAME, STODDARD & KENDALL,

SUCCESSORS TO BRADFORD & ANTHONY,

374 Washington St., BOSTON.

OPP. BROMFIELD ST.

**Special Attention Given to Mail Orders and Inquiries.**

---



**WEBSTER, FOLGER & CO.**

**FURNITURE & Carpets,**

**41 WASHINGTON ST.**  
COR. FRIEND

**BOSTON**

O. C. WEBSTER  
G. FOLGER. E. A. COOK.

# THE LEADING BOOKSTORE IN NEW ENGLAND,

*Where you are always sure of being able to procure any books  
wanted, at*

**THE LOWEST DISCOUNT PRICES,**

and can always see displayed on shelves and counters the finest selected stock of  
new and choice old books, in cloth, and elegant bindings, is at

## The "Old South" Bookstore, Boston.

 *Curious, rare, and out-of-the-way Books, purchased from private libraries, and selected  
by our LONDON AGENT.*

 **LIBRARY EDITIONS OF STANDARD BOOKS**, in extra bindings,  
at prices which are lower than the same class of work can  
be obtained elsewhere.

 **CATALOGUES OF NEW AND OLD BOOKS** at bargain prices, are  
issued at intervals, and sent regularly to those desiring  
to receive them.

 **Special terms to Students of Dartmouth College.**

## ESTES & LAURIAT,

301-305 Washington Street, opp. "Old South,"  
BOSTON, MASS.

# —SHOES—

*Gents' Genuine Hand-Sewed French Calf Shoes,  
made in Congress, Button, and Bal,  
Wide or Narrow Toe,*

**Price, \$5.00.**

*Remember that our \$3.00 Gents' Shoe, in Congress,  
Button, and Bal., is made in Six different  
Widths and Half Sizes.*

ORDER BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.

W. A. THOMPSON,

Bailey's Block, . . . CONCORD, N. H.

---

REPUBLICAN PRESS  
ASSOCIATION

FINE BOOK AND JOB

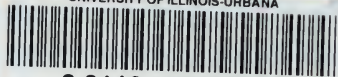
EDWARD A. JENKS,  
MANAGER.

PRINTING



Dealers in Fine Standard STATIONERY

CONCORD, N. H.



3 0112 110188569

# A Word to Gentlemen:



The present fall styles of clothing for gentlemen, youths, and boys are particularly attractive, and nowhere in Boston is a finer line of these goods shown than at the establishment of SPITZ BROS. & MORK, 508 Washington street, while their prices are such as to invite the attention of the most prudent purchasers. The clothing sold by this house is bound to prove thoroughly satisfactory to the wearer, for all their garments are made from specially selected material, and are cut and made in the most thorough and fashionable manner. In all such purchases it is the part of wisdom to deal with a respectable firm in whose business integrity the utmost confidence can be placed, with the assurance that their representations may be relied upon in every particular.

508 WASHINGTON STREET  
AND 5 BEDFORD STREET,  
BOSTON, MASS.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHIERS.

English Novelties in Suitings, Top Coatings, and  
Trouserings.

J. C. Littlefield,  
Tailor and Outfitter.

Special Inducements to College Men.

21 and 23 Beacon Street, under Hotel Bellevue,

BOSTON.